

This is an excerpt of thoughts which are innumerable. Transcribed, here, in the moment they beget something which is far greater but the joy is in transcribing. I hope to have people read these and think "oh wow, I get it" Understanding that those moments will be interspersed with other moments of "what is she trying to say" The words are dense, each sentence conveying a message that, if not gotten, is completely lost. I struggle with this myself on the rereading, occasionally my eyes glazing over until "oh yeah". It is supposed to be read with an understanding of phenomenological meaning or importance. The idea that a picture can be gleamed from something it is not explicitly describing. An impression of artifactual meaning.

We are waiting for the future and ignore all signs of Now. How do you spell allieve? As in to alleviate a burden? Type it in, 4 pages down all ads for an allergy medicine absconded the name. An orchestrated conglomeration of chemicals, a corporate swathe of territory untraversable, to Me - You? A true "Them".

We'll get to the next, soon enough. Disjointed wayward expansion, stringing along a trail of forgotten bits. A noseless caravan raucous in its own diversion within waking up, lucid, in bits to travel micro-distances, a journey of a mile.

Put your rulers away, they'll do you no good here, the subtlety zipping through time. The nausea inducing inevitability, has made you motion sick, laser focused to such small scale. Reductive, processing extrapolated outward. A mind expanded towards time's finest details. Minutiae is given a name.

But more that is wholly subversive we denigrate one another's claims touting utility, pragmatism best - for - most large scale. The power we've given ourselves slips through our fingers, the charge we could never hold. Enacting brutality against our neighbor for the sake of a greater good. Our fictions, our follies, our furry friends we'll allow no stone to go unturned. The least - of - these narratives, we forget we are they. We champion indemnity for the sake of placing a crown. A warped idealization of humanities shackles we've escaped. Forging a set from a new unctuous alloy, our anger and hatred towards "Them".